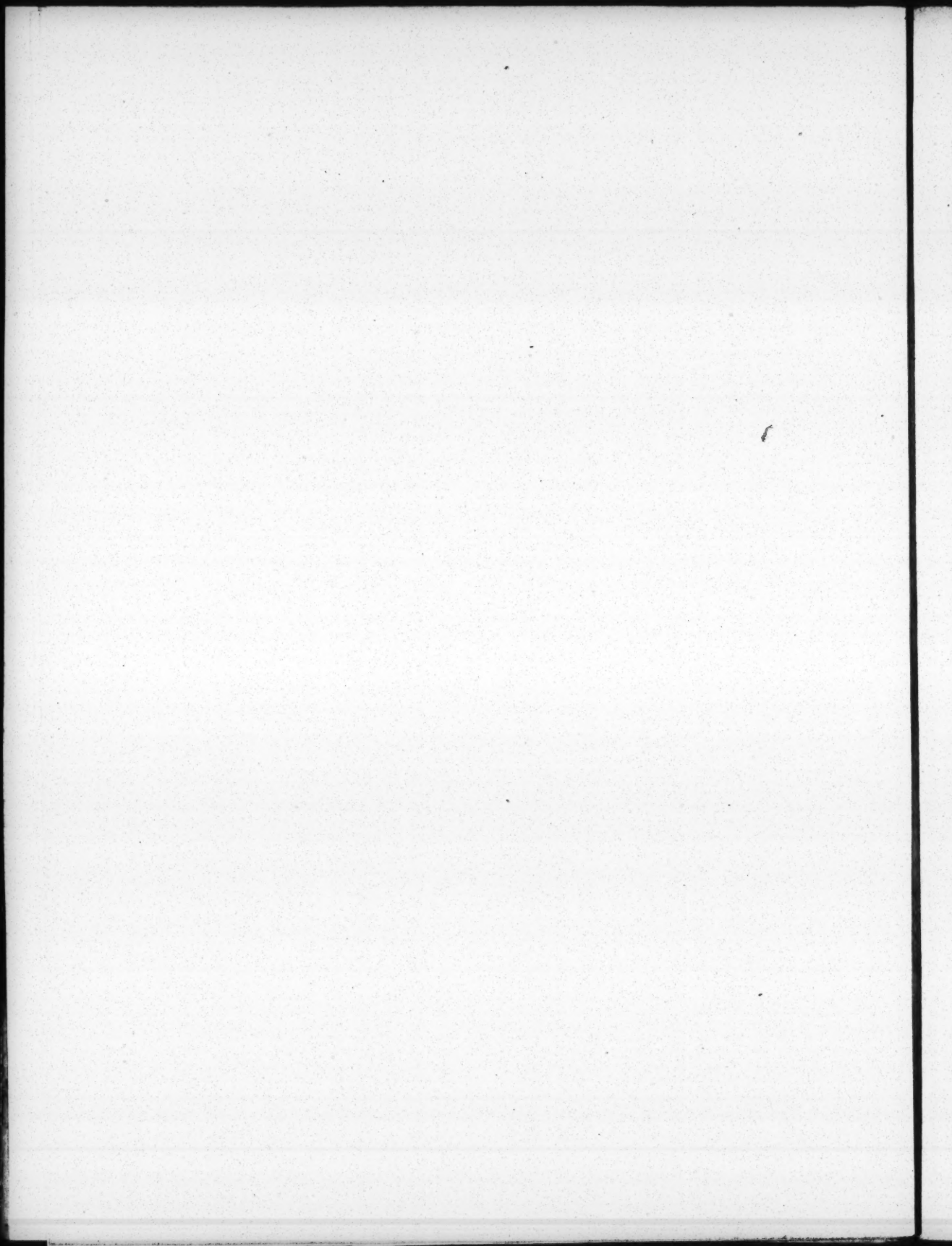




Ernest C. Baker. F.S.A.

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(29)
Certaine and true

NEWS

From Somerset-shire;
with the besieging of Sir
Ralph Hoptons House, together with
the valiant and manfully performed cou-
rage of Mr. *Arnold Hyward* Gentleman, Soul-
dier, and Lieutenant to the Troope of young
Captaine *Pym*, Son to that worthy and
well deserving Member of the
House of Commons
John Pym Esq.

Likewise the manner of ta-
king Sir *Edward Rodney*, Sir *Ed-
ward Berkley*, and Mr. *Dugdale* priso-
ners, and are now in the Counter in
London til further examination.

*Also a true relation of the sad and unfortunate mis-
chance which befell our hopeful Prince Charles,
and the Duke of Yorke by Wild-fire, &c.*

Printed at London. 1642. October 15.

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Certaine and true Newes
from Somersetshire, with the besei-
ging of sir *Ralph Hoptons* house, together
with the valiant and manfully performed
courage of Mr. *Arnold Hyward* Gentleman,
Souldier and Lieutenant to the troope
of young Captaine *Pym*, &c.

Since the distractions of these times began,
by the evill and unchristianable incendia-
ries of the same, who like Spunges desire
to be filled with their owne naturall bloud
which no lesse appeares in their Counsells, hath not
onely poysoned the cleare head of the Spring, but like-
wise labours to spoyle the Ocean, in going to unsluce
the Rivers into it, which God I hope at his good
time will stop, and point out with his finger their
shames and punishments that thus began in the dis-
joynting peace to open Warres full gap, which lets
in nought but red destruction on us, hand against
hand, and one eye against another to shake and ruine
all the bodies Fabrick, which we could wish might
stop, and that his Majesties good thoughts would
open to rescue our future good intents towards him,
his issue, and his future safety, and that this posture of
A 2 defence

fence we stand in, is for his Royall safety, the protection of his Issue, his Parliament and his Land, both against forraigne and our home-bred Papists, the worst of worsts that can be, in whose opposition hath amongst the rest his Majesties Westerne parts, as namely Wiltshire, Summerfet, Dorset, and Devonshire, harbour resolved spirits, will maintaine those parts both for the King and Parliament; likewise those Cities with their adherent and adjacent Townes, well fortified and Garison'd with men, are by their brave Commanders well instructed, and fitted for the present entertainment, either for siege in managing of Forts, Ports, walls or Breaches, or meeting in Battalia face to face in the open field their daring enemy, as now I am to expresse with duty to his Prince and both the honourable Houses the ever ready, resolved, prepared and undaunted courage of Mr. *Arnold Hyward* both a Gentleman and a Souldier, Lieutenant unto the troope of Captaine *Pym*, who having certaine intelligence that at one *sir Ralph Hoptons* house were a couple of Knights, the one named *sir Edward Rodney*, the other *sir Edward Berkeley*, with a Minister named Master *Dugdale*, Chaplaine to the Marquesse of *Hartfore*, who were not onely great upholders of the Malignant party, or Cavalliero rout, but were themselves the same, seducing and combining thereunto a larger linke of power to knit against us, and with their friends, their Tenants and Free-holders did therewith fortifie and strongly guard the house or Castle of the aforesaid *sir Ralph Hoptons*, which being assaulted by some part of our Troope, they very hotly began to oppose us, and sent us shot for shot, and well they might stand upon daring termes,

termes, being immurd in stone, knit with fast lime & haire, yet thanks be unto God, their labour spent on us wasted themselves and their munition with it, and they that time not onely washt the *Æthiop*, but bathed themselves in their owne fruitlesse sweate;

This skirmish yet continued, at length with a command I left my Troope that they should follow and maintain the fight, who very careful were in the obeying, I espied their horsemen mounted, which were the Knights and Priest I did formerly mention but how or which way they could from the Castle make escape, outstrips my imagination, in a short space my willing horse and I oretook them, the which when I perceived the one to be Sir *Edward Rodney*, & the other Sir *Edward Berkley*, I bid them yeeld, and I would give them quarter, which they in a drest carelesse slight disdainfull manner seeing no more but I and my small Artillery, askt where I were a souldier, who returned them yes, I was, and wisht them to yeeld without any more treate of words, whose answer thus to mee straight returned, whose souldier are you that with so hot a courage puts on confidence to talk of yeelding being 3 against one, my answer was, I am under Capt. Pym, and wisht them not to dresse the time out in discourse, for I resolved was for to set on them and winne them for my prisoners, or fall in the attempt of my ambition, they then being confident my res lve was them, or death, wisht me to call my Captain, and they would yeeld to him, which so the more enflamed my wrath against them, that I said they should yeeld themselves to me, with that unespikd by me, the one of them a pistoll strook against

gainst me, but the fire took not, for which I recommended them a token from my Carbine being ready in my hand, but had the luck to misse, the other at me let flie, and I at both of them, the parson stood Neuter) and so began a skirmish pretty hot, in the meane time, my souldiers at the Castle did make a breach through a smal postern door, which they within perceiving their surprisall, more than halfe killed with fear, for quarter cryed, which soon was granted them, and strait were seiz'd their arms with al the Castles other Ammunition, which soon in Carts from them was borne away. The other Knights that I held combat with, which I confesse were Gentlemen of courage, were both constrained to call to mee for quarter, and crownd me Conquerour of both their fortunes, which finisht; I taking leave of Captaine Pym, brought my three prisoners to the Parliament, the Knights and Minister along with mee, where having welcome love and encouragement to follow my future fortunes in the defence of the King and them, my prisoners now remaine in the Counter, and I againe preparing to my Captaine and my Charge.

Witnesse the Prisoners hands, and my owne testification as hereafter follow.

The



THE
Manner of the taking
of
Sir Edward Rodney, Sir
Edward Berkeley, and
Master Dugdale.

WHen I *Arnold Hymard* found them, I bid them yeeld and I would give them quarter, they demanded whether I were a Souldier, and who was my Captaine; I told them I was a Souldier under Captaine *Pym*, they desired me to call my Captaine and they would yeeld to him; I replyed I could not, but would have them yeeld to me: during our discourse a pistoll of theirs struck fire but went not off; thereupon I discharged my Carbine at them, then they

they a pistoll at me, then I a pistoll at them, and they another at me, and I another Carbine at them.

While this was in doing, some others were breaking in upon them; whereupon they agreed to yeeld themselves to me, if I would give them quarter, which I did. witnesse their hands, who are now prisoners in the Counter in Wood-street, London.

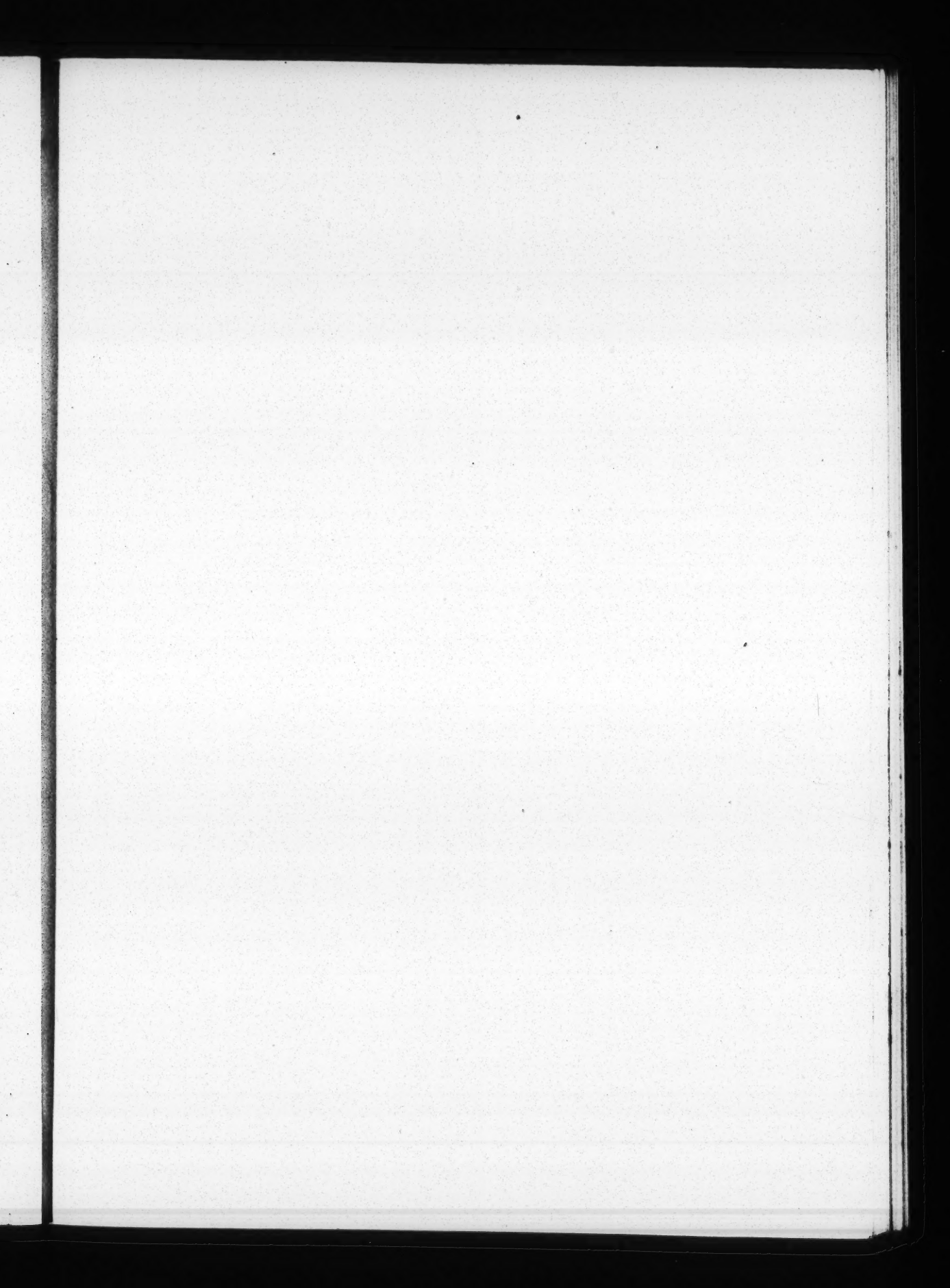
*Edward Rodney. Edward Berkley:
Ja. Dugdale.*

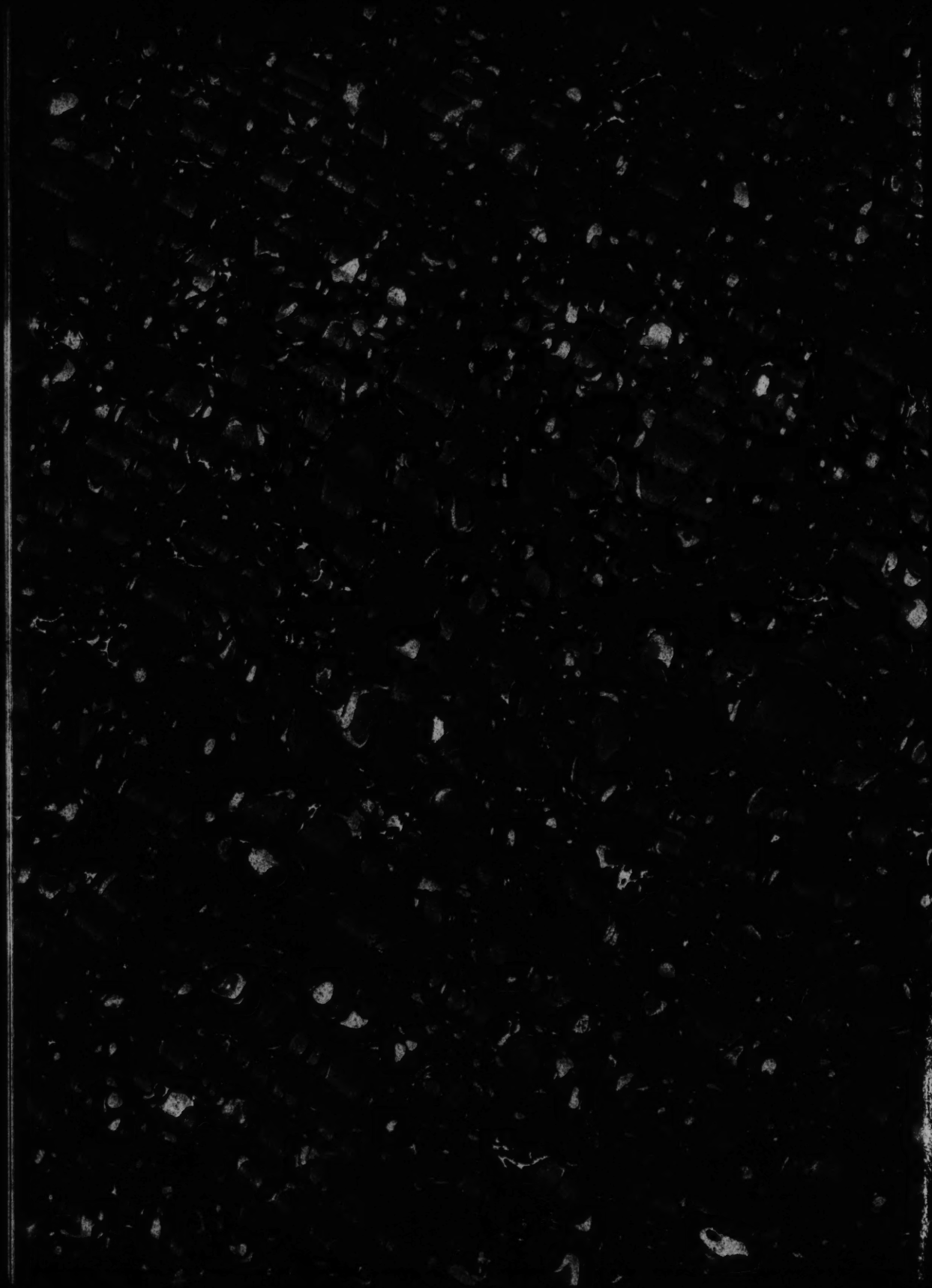
*A true relation of the sad, and unfortunate mischance
which befell Prince Charles and the Duke of York,
by fire-workes and Gun-powder, neere
to Shresbury on thursday night last.*

THe manner of this sad and unfortunate mischance was written in a Letter to Gentleman in London, which for certayne truth was thus.

A French man who is an Enginere to his Majesty, and a very skilfull contriver of fire-workes, being desirous to have his skil known, apoynted a convenient time to shew his Art, at which season the Prince and his brother *James Duke of Yorke* were present, who standing by, the Enginere having layd his traynes of powder to perfit his worke, and both these princes, as it were in the midst of the traynes of powder, a carelesse fellow running too and fro with a lighted match in his hand, there unfortunately and unluckeyly fell a sparke of fire from the coale of the match, and hapned amongst the traine of powder, flashing up, fiered the Princes cloaths, burnt his band and his face, and hath the Duke of *Yorke* very shrewdly, in somuch that it is thought he will loose one of his eyes, to the great grieve of his Majesty, the whole Court, and Country, and all good subjects that heares of it.

FINIS.





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